

We bringing it back to basics  
Situating under the basement  
The nation is guaranteed  
To hit the pavement  
You slept, now your bobbing your head  
So hard you left with a  
Permanent injury to your neck  
The turn of the century's way behind  
We raped the time when she gave birth  
To the First Born drafted this design  
What! You thought our second record wouldn't be live?  
Surprise! Why did it take you so long to realize  
Only the strong survive  
Without the need for compromise  
No one's above us in context  
Your whole genre's elevator music  
Playing on the way up to where my song sits  
You've sold a lot of records  
But I've gotta question  
How many ended up back in the used section  
All of them!!!  
Yeah Abilities beats bang  
But he ain't making nothing for you  
So stop calling him  
I had enough of these pretty punk  
MC/DJ Duos pseudo boy bands  
Holding hands in public  
Your candy coated condom flavored karaoke cover songs  
Are no longer accepted so I suggest you exit  
Back on the mission to corrupt human brain waves  
Unconcerned with circumstantial targets  
When we learned to aim straight  
With every ending there comes a new beginning  
Listen we 'bout to clue you in  
On just what you've been missing